UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Bearing False Witness - - *J. H. Cousins*

The Future of Theology - *Joseph Ernest McAfee*

The Brotherhood of Races - *John H. Hershey*

Live Things in the Dead Sea of Statistics - - - - - - - - *John Malick*

The Ten Greatest American Books - - - - - - - - - *John Haynes Holmes*

The Study Table

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Resolution Adopted at the Meeting of the Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice

San Francisco, August 25, 1939

WHEREAS, the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin of Royal Oaks, Michigan, has built up a powerful following by his use of the radio and the magazine *Social Justice* and through this political pressure group has on several occasions exercised inordinate influence upon the Congress of the United States, and

WHEREAS, the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin's methods of propaganda allow no Forum, or other democratic process, by which he may be held accountable for the injustice or inaccuracy of his statements, and

WHEREAS, it has been clearly shown that the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin has used material both in his broadcasts and in the magazine *Social Justice* borrowed from the Propaganda Minister, Herr Goebbels of Germany, and

WHEREAS, the propaganda processes employed by the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin now parallel the processes which led to the European catastrophe, as attested by statements in the broadcasts of his radio address of July 30, 1939—wherein he threatened to invoke Franco's methods, if necessary, saying, in part: "Rest assured we will fight you in Franco's way, if necessary. Call this inflammatory, if you will. It is inflammatory. But rest assured we will fight you; and we will win!"

NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED that the Unitarian Fellowship for Social Justice, in meeting assembled, and concerned with the preservation of the democratic ideal, condemns the activities of the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin as a potential menace to the institutions of American democracy and to the principles of truth, justice, individual liberty, and humane quality upon which the American democracy is established.

National Recreation Congress

The Twenty-Fourth National Recreation Congress will be held in Boston, October 9-13, this year. It will bring together 1,500 persons from all parts of the United States and Canada. Representatives from public and private recreation agencies, from schools, colleges, churches, from various departments of Federal, state, county, and local governments will be there. City planners, park executives, housing experts attend.

Boston with its unique historic interest and the home of Joseph Lee who for over a quarter of a century was the leader of the recreation movement in America will appeal to all. The Congress offers a rich experience in fellowship, in sharing of information and the inspiration of great leaders.

Dr. John Finley of the *New York Times* will preside over the Congress.

For further information address Mr. T. E. Rivers, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXXIV MONDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1939 No. 3

PROGRESS!

Now that we have created a culture unparalleled in human history, have dominated the forces of nature, overcome space, subjugated the sea, conquered the air, explored the earth from pole to pole, enormously increased production, organized commerce, overcome disease, built the great cities of the world, protected life on all its levels from the dangers of nature and climate—in short, have cultivated the entire globe and made man master over the circumstances of his life—now that we have done all this, there is only one safe refuge left for the lord of all this glory: to creep down under the earth like field mice. Caverns of concrete are the quarters we have prepared for ourselves, even in our palaces of culture. The gas mask snout is the triumphal crown we place on our heads. Is this the meaning of all the sacrifice, all the work, all the achievement? Then it would have been better that the indwelling spirit had never ennobled the human countenance, that man had never moved from huts and caves, had gone on squatting on skins, chipping at flints. We would have been safer there than in Berlin, London or Paris. —*Ivan Oljelund,* Finnish author.

UNITY AND THE WAR

In this temendous hour, UNITY can enter into no competition with the great newspapers and powerful magazines. But it can and will do what few other journals in this country are able to do—remain scrupulously and unfalteringly faithful to the pacifist ideal. We propose, so far as may be possible, to make UNITY the organ of pacifism in America. Backed by the immortal tradition of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, peacemaker in his life, and in his death a martyr to the last war—sustained by an editorial staff long trained in pacifist thought and a unit in its support—happy in a group of readers scattered through nearly every state and in foreign countries who have been winnowed, as it were, from the great heedless public by their pacifist conviction—UNITY is strong to do a work which may not otherwise be done. Our editorials will seek consistently to interpret events in the light of pacifist principles. Our columns will be open to pacifist contributors who may not elsewhere be able to find a hearing—indeed, we shall seek out distinguished pacifists in this country and abroad, and ask them to make UNITY their instrument of communication! We shall take pains to review pacifist books, and thus do our part to spread the influence of a literature likely to be neglected, if not altogether revamped, in these times. We shall consult anew the great pacifist documents of the past, and republish their passages of wisdom and of courage. Here, while all the world goes mad, we will try to keep sane; and, as darkness deepens about us, lift high the light of truth and love. How long UNITY will be allowed to speak as an organ of pacifist opinion, no man can say. Probably as long as America keeps out of war, though in times like these we should not be surprised to find our government seeking to suppress free speech on the plea of emergency. But whatever the period of time that may be left us, we propose to use it to the uttermost, and shall need the support of friends as we have never had it before. No effort of time, labor, or sacrifice will be spared to make UNITY worthy of this hour—but we cannot do things alone!

KEEP AMERICA OUT OF WAR!

If there is any "leader of the opposition" in this country, it is Herbert Hoover. It is therefore fortunate that, at the very beginning of this dreadful war, Mr. Hoover, backed by his long political experience and exalted European prestige, has come out emphatically against America's participation in the struggle. His *American Magazine* article on this subject is a notable document. Mr. Hoover reminds us that our entrance into the last war cost us 130,000 youthful citizens killed and maimed, a debt of $40,000,000,000, and the impoverishment of "a large segment of our people for a quarter of a century"; he asserts that participation in the present war would not only entail greater suffering, but also fail to establish peace in the world and "sacrifice liberty for generations in this country"; and he proclaims that we can keep at peace on this continent *"if we have the resolute will to do so."* But that will may be broken down, and will be broken down, by unsound leadership; and this is just the type of leadership we are likely to get in the White House as the war becomes more terrible and the President more excited. Much that Mr. Roosevelt did in the early days of the conflict was excellent. His manner, for one thing, was grave and sober. His neutrality proclamations were prompt and adhered scrupulously to the law. His radio address on neutrality gave just the right note. His repudiation of any idea of censorship of radio or press was highly reassuring (see editorial below). His cancellation of his scheduled address before the Democratic Women's Club for the sake of non-partisanship in this crisis, was an action to get enthusiastic about. But his declaration of a partial national emergency, with his arbitrary executive increase of military and naval forces, and his jittery reorganization of the White House Offices on an emergency basis, were highly disquieting. It is to be remembered that nothing that Mr. Roosevelt says and does today is any guarantee of what he may say and do tomorrow; that he is temperamentally unstable in character, flighty, impulsive, sensational; and that he is almost certain to catch the

ambition of his hero, Woodrow Wilson, to take charge of the world and become the great peace-maker of the ages. Therefore must there be ceaseless vigilance to keep this country out of war, and therefore is Mr. Hoover's leadership welcome.

MAKING PROFIT OUT OF WAR

Within three days after Europe plunged into the pit of war, and only two days after the President had instructed the Attorney-General to study the problem of preventing war profiteering by law, there appeared in New York morning newspapers the following ad:

99 Stocks That Should Benefit From a European War

The Standard Statistics Company has just published an analysis of the outlook for securities in a war dominated market, including a list of 99 stocks in widely diversified lines of industry that should benefit from a European war.

This study also points out which industries should be potential war beneficiaries and which will be adversely affected. It indicates the market attractiveness of the leading stocks in such industries as Aircraft, Automobiles, Buildings, Chemicals, Leather, Machinery, Gold Mining, Office Equipment, Oil, Railroad Equipment, Retail Trade, Shipping, Steel and Iron, Textiles, etc.

CLIP $1.00 TO THIS ADVERTISEMENT

Sign your name and address. Address Department 30

We will send you:

1. **The list of 99 stocks that should benefit from a European war.**
2. **The next 5 issues of the weekly OUTLOOK FOR THE SECURITY MARKETS.**

STANDARD STATISTICS CO., INC.

The world's largest statistical and investment advisory organization.

345 Hudson Street, New York City

We see no reason why we should take any of our limited space to comment upon this statement. As an illustration of war profiteering, of coining money out of blood, it tells its own story. We would like to say, however, that we see no reason why the Standard Statistics Co., Inc., should bear any especial burden of odium. What is important here is the fact that this company knows that there are hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of persons in this country who are eager to make money out of the European agony—who are interested in the war primarily, or perhaps even exclusively, as a chance to make a fortune. For these persons the Standard Statistics Co. is willing to serve as agents. That is bad enough, but nothing as compared with the original offense of these Americans who would turn massacre to gain.

SUPPRESSING FREE SPEECH

Before the war was a week old, voices were heard calling for the control of free speech on the air. Elliott Roosevelt urged it, which is a matter of no importance. Dorothy Thompson also urged it, which is a matter of very great importance. Her argument was based fundamentally on the danger of propaganda—as though the way to meet propaganda were the negative policy of suppressing speech and not the positive policy of publishing and proclaiming truth! But very soon, as is always the way in this argument for restricting freedom, Miss Thompson was arguing not about propaganda at all, but about personal opinions. "Do we want," she said, "to hear General Johnson as a military expert * * * make remarkable (and most inaccurate) statements about why we entered the last war?" To which the answer is, Why not? When Miss Thompson says that General Johnson made "remarkable" and "inaccurate" statements, she means only that *in her opinion* these statements were "remarkable" and "inaccurate," and therefore should not be heard. Which means that Miss Thompson thinks that she should be a censor of public utterance, and a judge as to what is accurate and inaccurate! But why should not some of the rest of us be judges, and how can we be judges unless General Johnson is allowed to speak? In fairness to Dorothy Thompson it should be said that she applies her argument to herself as a broadcaster, as well as to General Johnson. "Do we, for that matter," she writes, "wish to hear Dorothy Thompson except as she confines herself to an attempted analysis of facts?" But who is to determine what is or is not an "analysis of facts"? We have never in our experience heard Miss Thompson give an "analysis of facts" which was not all aflame with passionate conviction—which is one reason why we so profoundly admire her without necessarily agreeing with her! No, this is all casuistry of the worst description. Once get started on this road, and there is no end until we reach Berlin and the Nazis. If we stop General Johnson today because Dorothy Thompson thinks he is "inaccurate," then we shall be stopping Norman Thomas tomorrow because Representative Dies thinks he is pacifistic. Purge the radio now of so-called subversive elements, and straightway we shall be purging the newspaper, the public platform and the pulpit for the same reason. No! We either believe in democracy and the Bill of Rights, or we don't. Let's have that clear!

THE SAME OLD YARNS AGAIN!

Do you remember the marvelous stories that cropped up in the early days of the last war? Those early days were disastrous, with the German armies smashing through Belgium and pouring into France. The Allies were desperate for comfort and reassurance—and along came the miracle-tales to hearten them! There was the story, for example, of the Russian soldiers who sailed from Archangel through the Arctic to Scotland, and crossed England to the western front. Plenty of persons saw these phantom troops and reported them. Then there was the story of the angels of Mons—the divine messengers who came to the relief of the hard-pressed English soldiers. The legend of Kitchener began early and lingered through the war. And always there were the atrocity stories to stir hatred and revenge. Now, under much the same con-

ditions in this war, the old fantastic yarns are appearing again. The military situation is bad—Poland is being swept as clean as Belgium. England and France are in need again of encouragement. So along come the stories of revolt in Germany, of soldiers refusing to obey their officers, of populations staging riots in the cities. Here is a tale from Switzerland of a German officer and twenty soldiers crossing the lines into France, and announcing that plenty more are waiting to desert. The *Christian Register* passes on from the *Dansk Tidende* (Chicago) a lovely episode of a Dane visiting Berlin, who accidentally drove his automobile into a large armored motor car in a military parade, only to see the formidable machine collapse into a rubbish heap of *papier-maché*. Atrocity stories are of course multiplying fast. And in place of Riga as the distributing center in the last war of unimaginable "whoppers" from the eastern front, we now have Budapest. War psychology is always the same. What we want to believe, what we are hungry to hear, suddenly and abundantly appears. The very atmosphere seems to manufacture of itself the news our ears are hunting for. Which means that we must develop a skepticism of the first order! We must believe nothing that is not attested and confirmed and re-confirmed by first-hand sources.

EDWARD ALEXANDER WESTERMARCK

It is a curious, indeed an almost fitting thing, that the great Dr. Westermarck, author of the immortal "History of Human Marriage," should have died in the same year as Havelock Ellis. For if ever there were two coincident influences working to the same end it was Westermarck in Finland and Ellis in England. We can think of no parallel since Darwin and Wallace at opposite ends of the earth discovered and expounded evolution. Westermarck and Ellis, of course, wrought the great sexual revolution of modern times. Ellis was undoubtedly the more potent influence, the unique leader, since there was the prophet and artist in him as well as the scientist, and he invaded cultural areas, even the world of popular thought, which Westermarck never touched. But Westermarck did a piece of historical research into the institution of marriage, its origin and development, which was bane, and which swept away taboos and superstitions with as ruthless a hand as anything ever accomplished by his distinguished contemporary. What Westermarck did was to show the purely human genesis of marriage —that marriages from the beginning of time were made not in heaven at all but on the earth—that union between the sexes was not a sacrament belonging to the church, but a social institution rooted in the organization of the family as a tribal unit. All this is now so familiar that it seems amazing that the Finnish scholar should have been as roundly abused for his work as Havelock Ellis was for *his*, especially when one remembers that the immortal "History" laid deep and sure, as the permanent foundation of society, the principle of monogamy. But readers were horrified, and Westermarck paid the usual price of pioneering. His great book, frequently revised and extended, is a classic. It can never be superceded or forgotten. Modest, devoted, utterly loyal to truth, Westermarck refused repeated invitations from Harvard and other colleges, and died, as he had lived, in his beloved Finland.

THEY THAT TAKE THE SWORD

[Marcus, a Roman centurian, has protested to his Christian wife the "they that take the sword" doctrine. He has argued that he uses the sword and has not perished.]

"'I am not sure,' she answered quietly,
'That you have touched the heart of what He meant.
To perish may not even mean to die.
You who have used the sword as instrument
To fell a foeman bleeding at your feet,
Forget, before you saw your enemy,
That sword had smitten something in your soul.

. . . . . .

. . . It is no false barbarian lore
To say your sword has wounded you. For when
You took it as a symbol of your craft
You took it as a symbol of your faith.
When you pledged fealty to the powers of force
Incarnate in your bright Etruscan blade
You did refuse to recognize supreme
Those other powers unique in human kind.
What is yourself, your deepest, highest self—
For only what is highest can be true—
Is it your body—sinew, bone and flesh
That bleeds and bleaks and falls beneath the thrust
Of spear, or dagger, or of Roman sword
And feeds the vultures at the battles close?
If that is you, it is your lesser self.
There is a greater self no weapon's reach
Can touch, except the weapon in your hand.
The light of reason, burning in the mind,
The glow of passion, kindling in the heart,
The flame of goodness warming in the soul—
These are yourself, the elemental things.
They need protection from no lorica,
Immortal things suffer no mortal wounds.
Beauty can dodge a spear; goodness deflect
The darting steel; no bird of carrion
Can pluck the eyes or pick the bones of truth.
But he who hurls the spear is infidel
To faith in the bright weapons of the soul.
He cannot love, he dare not think. That is
The dark perdition that awaits the soul
That takes the word!'"

Edwin McNeill Poteat, in "Centurian," a poem published by Harper's.

Greater Ghoul?

(September 1, 1939)

Fowlers of virgins, devourers of children, are shrinking
Back from their cauldrons of storm and their whirlpools of blood.
Ghouls who were gloating down quagmires are quaking and blinking,
Sickened at heart from gorging on souls in anguishing flood.
Vampires are baffled and buffeted, dizzily sinking.
Werewolves are whiningly, howlingly cringing from stud.
All of the herdsmen and haunters of horror are slinking.
Smothered by shame and blinded by fear, they scud. . .
Shame that a horribler monster is mocking their span,
Fear of this frightfuller maker of evil: MAN.

Never you know when eddy will suck you to dooming,
Never where floor will open and loose you to hell.
Planes like gargantuan locusts of pestilence zooming.
Runaway nightmares in daylight no wakings dispel,
Evils not lurking in fears and in fevers but looming,
Claiming the centre of highways with peoples to sell,
Show that the whirlpool is spreading and now will be tombing
Past incantation of statecraft . . . No holy-men's spell?
Only when angel redeems what demon began:
Possible angel, present demon: MAN.

RALPH CHEYNEY.

Bearing False Witness

J. H. COUSINS*

The virtue of truth concerning one's neighbor has a long history of recognition; and the radio, though not always concerned with absolute truth, has brought one's neighbor even nearer than next door though he be spatially ten thousand miles away.

The reverse of the telling of truth concerning one's neighbor has an equivalent history—or perhaps a minute or an hour longer, since it is likely that the evolving entity that became man (assuming evolution to be more or less true), after the long practice of unequivocal frankness in the animal kingdom, thought it a sign of superiority to relax somewhat in the matter of naked truth, and thus provoked the thou-shalt-nots one of which recognized the bearing of false witness as a popular but dangerous pastime.

Plain lying—a passport to Hades or beyond in the early stages of the development of the moral and ethical senses—became in one department so highly placed that Jonathan Swift identified "the art of political lying." Later, Oscar Wilde brought the whole circumference of lying to one level by omitting Swift's adjective. One gathers that a sort of holy joy was experienced in the whirling of whoppers. Our modern joy in lying, however, is not that of the artist: "a natural though corrupt love of the lie itself" which Bacon reminds us certain later Grecians pondered the mystery of, "where neither they [the lies] make for pleasure, as with poets, nor for advantage as with the merchant, but for the lie's sake." Today we lie for advantage: we have lost the *art* of lying, and made it a growing but not yet universal *profession.* We follow the principle that, while two wrongs may or may not make a right, they will certainly make an excellent *write-up.*

Generally speaking, professional prevarication, known otherwise as bearing false witness, begins in the literary realm with the "blurb." For example: "It took Hendrik Van Loon thirty years to learn enough to write *The Arts of Mankind.* It took him ten years to write it. The result is . . . a book about *all* the arts for *all* the people," and the blurb's italicizing of *all* indicates a claim to a universal inclusiveness. An office in Bombay on the publisher's title-page suggests that the *people* of India and their *arts* are in the *all.* And this is how the *all*-ness works out. In a book of 559 pages, "India, China, and Japan" are put into a chapter of fifteen pages of text, in which Indian art (the art of one-sixth of the population of the planet during five thousand known years) gets two pages, with no hint of Indian painting. As to the continent of Asia, just over thirty pages of type out of just under 560 pages are given to the specifically oriental arts—*"all* the arts for *all* the people!"

This is the quantitative aspect of the bearing of false witness, the spatial suggestion of unimportance. It has, however, a psychological basis. The author of the book that provokes this protest pleads gross ignorance on certain aspects of oriental art. But stark ignorance is too naive to falsify others; it merely falsifies itself. This book has the certainty of its own rightness that is the root of all misrepresentation and all hypocrisy.

On the Hindu temples, for instance, the author writes, and I comment in brackets): "Those vast temples . . . are rarely pleasing to the European eye" [a quite legitimate reaction of unfamiliarity.] "Most of them, unless seen from a long distance, fill one's heart with a sense of imminent doom, and seem to preach the utter futility of all human effort against the implacable forces of nature." [A Hindu temple of the "vast" type cannot be seen from a distance; all that can be seen are the great gateways and outer walls. They do not suggest "imminent doom" to those who realize that they refer only to eternal verities expressed in symbolical personages and events. They do not preach "futility" but that humanity can rise beyond its external and internal limitations.] "The bathing pools, which are full of light, would form a pleasant contrast to the interior if one were not conscious all the time that the gold smeared all over the roof and the jewels stuck in the holy images could be better used if spent upon hospitals to cure at least part of the deformed humanity that creeps through these dismal sepulchres." [The bathing pools that are "full of light" in these "dismal sepulchres" are not as bright as the author paints them. Gold is not smeared all over the roof. If the gold and the jewels, donated by devotees over centuries, were sold, the amount obtainable for them, if marketable, would give a day's food or medicine to a number of people, and leave them just as they were the next day, with no economic or hygienic problem solved. There are lots of hospitals in India, but they are not visited by the peripatetic prevaricators. "Deformed humanity" does not creep through the temple interiors. The interiors are not "dismal sepulchres" but pathways shaded from tropical glare and heat; and are luminous highways to religious joy to the individual worshipper, and centers for the conjoint fervor of fine men, gracious women, happy children, on numerous local and general festivals which are occasions of joy and generosity. To omit these is an act of *suppressio veri* in the game of bearing false witness.]

So much for the temples. "As for the sculptures that are all over the place" [which of course they are not] "they have been twisted and tortured into figures that seem created for the express purpose of repelling at least the casual spectator." [It is doubtful, however, if the sculptors of some centuries ago had any thought of annoying the gadabouts of the Sunday-feature age. Their *dharma* (job) was the serious and impersonal one of representing in visible form invisible powers, qualities, functions, conceived as having embodiment in personages beyond human form and limitation, yet only representable in human form and extensions of it in multiple heads and arms symbolizing endowments of mentality and activity more extensive and varied than that of normal humanity.] The author concedes technical achievement sometimes to some of the sculptures. "But," [and here we pass from the falsification of fact to that which, in the predilections of the falsifier, motivates the falsification] "the subjects, the Brahmas and Vishnus and Shivas and their endless cousins, uncles, brothers, and sisters, seem only very little more

*Dr. Cousins has lived in India for twenty-three years, leading educational reform, stimulating interest in indigenous arts, founding galleries and museums, and is now Head of the Department of Fine Arts and member of the Syndicate and other authorities of the new University of Travancore.—*Editor.*

attractive than the nasty-minded holy monkeys and the half-starved holy cows which infest the premises." It is not easy to face in measured terms the turpitude disclosed in so flagrant a breach of ordinary decency in references to the personages of another's faith. Missionaries of Christianity in India have passed beyond such boorishness. But this author not only places the Hindu plastic conceptions of the powers of the universe "only very little" above monkeys and cows, but gravitates a stage lower in referring to the temples as "gilded towers" [which is untrue] "covered from top to bottom with statues of their myriad gods" [which is also untrue] ". . . . and the whole nauseating collection of sacred animals and the not-quite-so-sacred deities and their very unappetizing female relatives." The monstrous untruth of the foregoing sentence, and the baseness disclosed in the last three words of it, make any contradiction of mere fact an anti-climax. One inclusive rectification will serve. "Those vast temples" with which the author crowds the terrain of his references to Hindu India are a small percentage of the total number of Hindu shrines. There are vast numbers of small shrines in which a single worshipper renders homage to the Supreme Being through a single representation. Even in one of "those vast temples" of South India, the climax of its cycle of worship through various forms is homage to the formless One Who includes the many.

With an air of complete knowledge and final judgment the author informs us that "all this changes the moment we come in contact with Buddhistic art." And without a glimmer of cerebration he adds: "I have been told by reliable authorities (being myself grossly ignorant upon the subject) . . .," a confession which pulverizes his ability to make any distinction between Hindu and "Buddhistic" art or even to gauge the reliability of his "authorities." What he retails at fourth hand is the stale stuff of the Grecian origin of Indian sculpture; and on an edifice of ignorance he sets the finial: "And, indeed, Buddhistic sculpture did not begin to flourish until several hundred years after the death of the Buddha himself, when Asoka, his devout disciple, was ruling over the Punjab." The facts educed by scholarship show that from the seventh century before Christ Hindu sculpture possessed a native strength that rendered it immune from the Grecian infection outside a small area in the remote Northwest. Such foreign elements as entered into the art of Buddhism at the time of Asoka, three hundred years after the Buddha, were not Grecian but Iranian. And Asoka, far from being the ruler of the Punjab only, was both the temporal and spiritual head of a vast empire. On the matter of art, the author disposes of the "notion still held by a great many people that the art of India was something mysterious that went back thousands and thousands of years, being even older than the pyramids." This he, out of his confessed ignorance, characterizes as "entirely erroneous"—and relevancy and reason go to the winds in the addendum: "We have a great deal of literature that was composed in the days of Homer, but the earliest Indian architecture goes back only to the days of Buddha in the sixth century B. C." Apart from the lesion between Homeric literature and Indian architecture there is a literary tradition in India as old as that of Homer. But incongruous comparisons are not needed to establish the age of Indian architecture. The excavations in recent years in Sind and the Punjab have carried the history of admirable town-planning and building in India back to nearly 3,000 years before Christ, with the implication of centuries of preparation.

The change declared by the author when we pass from the religious life and art of Hindu India [which is still in action] to "Buddhistic art" [which is a thing of the remote past] does not emerge in any comparison that would satisfy a reader of average intelligence. All that emerges is a complex so strong that even when the outer portion of the author's apparatus of consciousness is stretched as far as China, it goes back with a snap to its anti-Hindu fixation. Thus, in setting out the forces that "greatly affected the Chinese mentality," he includes Buddhism, and gives us the following information: "There have been at least two dozen or more or less authenticated Buddhas or 'Enlightened Ones' in Indian history, but only one who came to be worshipped as the Enlightened One among the Enlightened Ones, or *the* Buddha. . . . Although he himself until the very end of his days insisted that he was not a god and must not be worshipped as such, his fellow-countrymen, steeped in a sort of Nature worship quite as brutal and cruel as that of the Chinese, could not take this view of a man who had lived so saintly an existence. They promptly deified him, and began to preach his doctrines along the highways and byways of central Asia." Buddhism he summarizes as "an attempt to make the human race conscious of its divine possibilities." But it was "as complete and disheartening a failure as Christianity afterwards. . . . Soon the Indian was once more slaughtering his goats, burning his incense to his ancient idols, and doing all sorts of terrible things to himself to propitiate the evil spirits whom he feared much more than he loved the good ones."

"Indian history," referred to in the foregoing paragraph, knows nothing of "two dozen or more or less authenticated Buddhas." Buddhist legend says that the Buddha of the late sixth century B. C. claimed to be the seventh of a line of teachers. This line was extended by imaginative devotees after the Buddha's time to twenty-four predecessors. In the fourth century A. D., a Buddhist sect denounced the historical Buddha and only revered the *three* previous Buddhas.

So much for accuracy. Now for psychology. The author attributes the deification of the Buddha by his fellow-countrymen against his command to their being "steeped in a sort of Nature worship quite as brutal and cruel as that of the Chinese." These alleged human monsters, however, are gifted by the author with the capacity of recognizing the Buddha's saintliness, and, *mirabile dictu!* with the capacity also of so appreciating his doctrines as to be able to preach them. The author's reading of the character of the Buddha's disciples is untrue in nature and fact.

Equally untrue, because exaggerated, is the statement that, after the alleged failure of Buddhism, the Indian returned to the practices quoted above. Goat-slaughtering has never been a universal Indian practice. The author did not see it in the "vast temples" to which he refers. Where it is practiced it is condemned by other Hindus, and has been dropped in some of the minority of places in which it was an occasional custom. But a nauseating thing about such references to animal sacrifice in India is that they are usually made by westerners while they are digesting the remains of crucified animals; and those who condemn the practice by Hindus have no qualm of con-

science and no sense of hypocrisy in participating in the vast Christmas orgy of slaughter and gormandizing.

The same bearing of false witness in over-statement is in the author's references to "ancient idols," "terrible things," and "evil spirits." (1) There is no special virtue in ancientness in Hindu deific images. When an image develops a flaw it is rejected from its shrine. Images are made for certain festivals, and destroyed when the festival is over. Hindus do not worship images as such. (2) Certain Indians, not the priests of temples, have asserted the will of the spirit over the flesh through practices in affinity with the flagellations of mediaeval monasticism in Europe. But these are a very small proportion of the population; and (3) their *tapas* (discipline) is not in propitiation of spirits evil or good, but for personal psychological purposes.

There are other errors of fact and interpretation in the masterpiece of false witness under notice concerning the art and life of India; for when ignorance sets out on the peddling of caricatures of knowledge, and when a vicious and unfounded antipathy jostles both truth and decency off the curb, the material for criticism by anyone who knows and understands takes on the appearance of illimitability. But the foregoing will serve to indicate one of the forms of pathological infection to which the mind of America is liable through the artificial magnification of intellectual mediocrity, to the detriment of America's own generous spirit and its reactions to international affairs. The ultimate antitoxin against this infection is the bacillus of truth received by contagion from the actualities of life and culture. The measures now under consideration for the introduction of oriental studies in the universities of the United States of America will help towards this desirable end.

Punitive measures, or even action for national defamation in a court of international justice which does not yet exist, would be repugnant to the forgiving spirit of India. Neither are they indicated in the original "Thou shalt not" against bearing false witness—probably because there is sufficient punishment in the mental, aesthetical, and spiritual deprivation involved in being such a bearer.

The Future of Theology

JOSEPH ERNEST McAFEE

A prophet is in risky business. Predictions must be based upon the past, and history does not always repeat itself. Causes do not remain constant, and effects are equally inconstant. But appraising steady trends at their present valuations, the future of theology is highly problematic.

Theology must be based upon positive and aggressive achievements of the God-reality; entrenched resistance to assault will not suffice the theologians. The theologian has done little to achieve his own salvation when he has succeeded in damning the atheist, the agnostic, or even the humanist. For a generation or two the theologian's chief right to his status among scholars has been this negative achievement. However brilliant it has been, the theologian's status has not been made secure.

Only the mystic can now present justification for the God-consciousness. Rational or scientific demonstration of the existence of God is no longer attempted even by theologians who can claim any standing whatever. Accordingly, theology has gone over, body and soul, to the mystics. They alone can preserve the God-consciousness, or offer even remote hope that theology can retain semblance of foundation.

Now, a mystic must move cautiously in an age of science. If he turns out to be a bull in the scientific China closet, he is incontinently driven off the premises. An argumentative mystic is and must be more and more clearly recognized to be a monstrosity. There simply is no such animal. The grotesqueness of a belligerent mystic puts him out of his class. A vocal mystic sins against the holy ghost of his own being. Mystical apprehensions of truth are immediate; if the mystic attempts to "mediate" them to some one else, he has by that very act destroyed their validity. Mystical experiences got second-hand are monstrous contradictions which carry in their train hypocrisy and intolerance and bigotry and all that evil crew which it is the holy passion of a scientific and democratic civilization to eradicate root and branch, body and soul, hide and hair.

A scientific age has little use for hunches. At best they are looked upon as a hang-over from an age not scientific. Brilliant as may be their occasional achievements, scientists rank them as superstition. They are as likely to lead astray as in the right direction. Indeed, invoking the law of chances, scientists would probably declare that they are far more likely to lead astray. Men who commonly act upon hunches are certainly not in great favor among men of affairs in a scientific age.

The mystic does not call his insights "hunches," but they have been as little brought under control by rational processes. Evil deeds inspired by mystical experiences are many more than the historian likes to record. The tests by which it may be known whether the God apprehended by the mystic is a good God, inspiring to noble action, cultivating pure character, aiming at the building of the good society, or whether he is a malign force in the field of personal and social values,—there are no infallible tests, at least none applicable until after the mischief has been done. Nor is the mystic who has committed himself to his insights, and trusted his all to his experience, likely to surrender a false faith in time to re-orientate himself correctly, and reconstruct his life philosophy.

At best the mystic is an artist; he wields, and appeals to, the emotions. If there is to be a future for theology, under its present guidance it must become theolatry, not theology; an art, not a science. And as an art it must yield to far more complete and accurate and socially directed control than now. It is true that modern psychology is protesting against the cold rationalism of its own science in the period just past; man is ineradicably an emotional being, and the warm emotions help to make him a living reality, not cold

reason alone.

But the strife of this more highly enlightened psychology is to bring human emotions under control. The psychologist warns that capricious "letting yourself go" can lead only to insanity and social ineptitude. Though theology may be turned over body and soul to the mystics, the emotionalists, there can be no reduction upon the demand that its processes be brought under control making for vital efficiency.

It is significant that during this recent period when theology has been passing over to the mystics, the religious expression which theology has dominated has exalted worship as the heart and soul of religion. This goes a long way to establish theology's status as an art, and to remove it from the category of a science. Which in turn tends to confirm the classification of churches along with theatres; both operating more and more in the same field, appealing to the same elements in the human make-up, employing the same "tricks of the trade."

Perhaps it will be insisted that theology-inspired religion will be more creative than is the theatre and its art. Theology and theatre, while the first syllable is spelled the same, are not derived from the same root. A theatre is a "place" where you go to "see" things as they are. Theology is "talk" about one whom you "implore" to make things other than they are. The latter process may, indeed, be more creative, but if it cannot be brought under strict control its achievements are more likely to be pernicious than otherwise. Caprice is often more malign than is patent malevolence, in that its victim may be self-deceived as well as practice his mischief upon others. The unregulated mystic is quite as capable of doing mischief as he is of benefitting the community.

And what about religion? For generations theologians have had things quite their own way in organized religion. And can they hold on in the future? Not if religion is to be itself, and perform its mission in a scientifico-democratic civilization. The rescue of religion from this generations-old dominance by theologians is now, and must be for some further generations, perhaps, the supreme religious issue of our civilization.

If our society is to continue anything like its normal democratic development, religion must have an ethical content which a mystic-controlled theology cannot supply. Will salvation arise from within the institutions of organized religion? That depends entirely upon whether those institutions democratize themselves, or permit the democratic process to sweep them into the current of social progress. Which is tantamount to saying that the churches must cease to be churches, must cease to be controlled by fiat, must make way for a religious program in which rational processes shall control not merely the social mechanisms through which religion is expressed, but shall also protect and inspire those ethical processes on which the continuing life of a democratic community depends.

It may be that a mystical theology can contribute after some fashion to this development. At least it may be "also present" while the development is going forward. But it manifestly cannot dominate either the institutions or the concepts through which the religion of a democratic civilization is expressed.

Your Church

I am your church. I stand brooding
On street corners,
And many a hill is speckled
By my spires pointing upward to the sky,
An everlasting challenge to men
To press on to a richer life.
I have come to you through many a generation,
Over many a weary mile.
Along the way Men have stumbled,
And I held a candle aloft.
I have seen men thirsty, and offered drink.
To those who hungered, I gave food.

I am your church - - -
I have been behind prison bars of steel.
In olden days I was thrown to the lions.
Swords have clattered and cannons roared
In eagerness for my destruction - - -
But I have lived...

My head has hung low in sorrow,
But swords and bullets didn't kill me.
Lions gnashed and clawed,
But I still breathed.
Prison doors slammed and torture broiled,
But I came forth again
Clean and free. . .

All these things could not kill me,
Because I was your church
And you need me.
The hardships of a pioneer wilderness
Could not bury me.
I have lived on and on
Offering comfort to the weary
Hope to the fainting
Light to the stumbling feet.
I lived because men loved me,
And were concerned.
Women gave me a warm heart
And little children pattered
Through my doors. . .

I am your church,
And I fear only one thing.
For only one thing can tear me down
And destroy me.
I am your servant, and the only thing I fear
Is YOU!
YOU can destroy me with your indifference.
YOU can smother me with empty seats.
YOU can kill me with disregard.
Those things are more deadly than lions,
Or bullets, or swords, or prisons!

I am your church, and you need me,
And YOU alone can torture me to death!

DON WEST.

The Brotherhood of Races

JOHN H. HERSHEY

Ideas of racial superiority are widespread today. Obvious examples are the governments of Germany and Italy. In these countries anti-Semitism accompanies feelings of superiority. But racial prejudice is certainly not confined to them. Many Japanese believe their people are the superior race. Further, many white foreigners living in countries like China and India feel that the natives are of the lesser breed. Orthodox Jews suppose themselves to be specially chosen by the God of the universe. Great numbers of whites in many lands are convinced of the inherent superiority of their race to the yellow, black, red, and brown races.

In the United States what do we find? In the past, there is no doubt that the treatment accorded the American Indian by individual citizens and the Federal Government has been disgraceful. With regard to the twelve millions of Negroes, discrimination exists against them in many ways. Organizations, although most of them are small, are established which include among their aims the spread of anti-Semitism. There seems to be danger of a rising tide of prejudice against the Jews in this country.

In many countries, including our own, we thus have a large degree of racial prejudice taking the form of feeling the superiority of one's own race, and disliking or even hating those of a different race.

Let us ask what the scientists who study race assert. Although they differ among themselves, an attempt to summarize briefly what some of them teach follows. The human species is divided into five races: the white, yellow, black, brown, and red. Some scientists, however, limit the number of primary races to the first three mentioned. What may be called sub-races are, for example, the Nordic, Alpine, and Mediterranean branches of the white race. Although the human species is now divided into these diverse races and sub-races, originally thousands of years ago they all sprang from a common stock. Mankind has a single origin. No one existing race is superior biologically in every way to all other races. It can be said only that some individuals of any one race are inferior or superior to some individuals of the other races. All degrees of character and intelligence from the lowest to the highest can be found within any race. There are greater differences between individuals of any one race, than between average individuals of different races. Thus, there is no ground for supposing that some one race is biologically superior to every other race.

Let us now see what religion at its best declares about brotherhood. In the Old Testament book of Leviticus there is the commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Among the ancient Hebrews, however, "neighbor" did not mean non-Hebrews of other lands. But it is interesting to note in the same book another commandment which declared that a "stranger that sojourns with you shall be unto you as the home-born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself." Incidentally, perhaps this commandment could well be taken seriously in our own country in our attitude toward aliens. In the New Testament, Jesus in his teachings made "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" the second of the two greatest commandments. In the parable of the Good Samaritan, he broadened "neighbor" to include even the Samaritan of mixed blood, who was despised by the Jews. The Apostle Paul, let us recall, was a Jew, a Roman citizen, a cultured Greek, and a follower of Jesus. This cosmopolitan leader in his sermon on Mars Hill declared that God "hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth." Here we have the two great conceptions of the single origin and the oneness of mankind. This teaching, as we have seen, is consistent with the investigations of many scientists. Not only liberal-minded Christians, but also liberal-minded Jews, in the past and present, have proclaimed the brotherhood of humanity. Thus, religion in its broadest expression in both Judaism and Christianity proclaims the brotherhood of races.

In a world filled with absurd race prejudices, what can we do? First, consider what we can do as individuals in our relations toward those of a different race. We can, of course, discourage the practice of calling other races disparaging names. We will not judge all or the majority of any race by the worst elements in that race. Knowing that there are bad in every race, including even our own, we will not conclude that all are bad. In a more positive way, we can judge each person for what he is in character and intelligence, without having a prejudiced view against him because of a general dislike for his race. It is an excellent method to get acquainted with persons of other races on an equal social basis. Even from our own point of view, it will broaden our life and make it more interesting to have such acquaintances. "If ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others?" said Jesus to his disciples. Finally, in all our relations with those of different races, we need to deal fairly with them in every way.

We can, also, in association with others, engage in social reform in order to better conditions for other races. Adequate schools, good teachers, excellent textbooks can be given to negro children, as well as to white children, as their right. Equal rights of all races before the law must be the rule. Business should not discriminate against employing persons solely because of their race. Negroes, not merely in the South but in all parts of the United States, are refused many kinds of work even though they may be capable. Jews and Christians can unite to prevent anti-Semitism. Thus economically, politically, legally, and educationally much reform is needed in our country to prevent discrimination because of race.

We need to hold strongly with our whole mind and heart the conviction that all races have the same origin and the same basic human nature. This conviction, to be fruitful, must lead us to individual and social action to prevent racial hatred and to promote racial brotherhood.

Observations in Russia

VICTOR S. YARROS

II

One criterion of a country's civilization, perhaps, lies in its ways and methods of administering justice. Great Britain is proud of its common law, and of the purity, independence, and ability of its judiciary. In the United States we have developed and improved the British common law, including equitable jurisprudence, and are now working for greater simplicity and more expedition in our legal procedure and practice. Our criminal procedure has been characterized as "a disgrace to our civilization," because of its costs, uncertainties, delays, and technicalities.

Soviet Russia has revolutionized the criminal and civil procedure of Czarist Russia. It has not copied any western country; it has introduced certain features that will seem strange and doubtful to Americans or Anglo-Saxons. Time will test these innovations. It can be said, however, that the aims and principles that underlie the new procedure are admirable. What is desired is speedy justice, tempered by reason and humanity.

Trial by jury has been abolished. In its place is a system of lay aid and coöperation with the judges. The presiding judge is assisted by two citizen assessors, and women sit as assessors in nearly all the courts, whether trial or appellate.

The lay assessors take active part in the judicial process. They ask questions of the parties, of the attorneys, of the prosecutor, and they raise points for discussion. They retire with the judge to consider the verdict, a majority being necessary to render a decision.

The procedure seems extremely simple. Most of our "safeguards" are dispensed with. The arguments are astonishingly brief. No technical question is raised or debated.

The courts of first instance are called the People's District Courts. They have jurisdiction over criminal as well as civil cases—of the ordinary sorts. Political cases are tried by higher or special tribunals.

In many cases neither the state nor the defendant, nor plaintiff, is represented by counsel. The poorest person is entitled to counsel, but he must ask the court to appoint a defender. This privilege is not often exercised in simple cases.

Having attended several sessions of the trial courts and some of appellate tribunals, the writer has no hesitation in affirming that the procedure "grew" on him and commended itself more and more for its simplicity, its wholesome freedom from buncombe and pretense, its eminent reasonableness. In no case was the judgment—which, by the way, is rendered after deliberation in chambers at the same session, as a rule—unfair or open to serious doubt.

Here are a few typical cases, with the verdicts rendered:

A young man was accused of stealing another's shoes and selling them. (Shoes are dear in Russia.) The presiding judge read the charge as prepared by the absent prosecutor, and asked the defendant, "Do you plead guilty or not guilty?" The defendant admitted his guilt, but very earnestly assured the court that he had never before committed any criminal offense, that he was a steady and faithful worker, and that he could not account for the lapse, or aberration, represented by the theft. The court asked him a number of searching questions, and then heard two witnesses who confirmed his statements. The court retired, and after fifteen minutes' deliberation read its judgment. He was placed on probation for six months. A violation of his parole would mean a prison sentence. The price of the stolen shoes would be deducted from his wages and paid to the plaintiff.

Two men were accused of robbing a sleeping laborer—supposedly intoxicated—of money, shoes, and a coat, and buying liquor with the booty. One was a professional thief; he had been convicted seven times of similar offenses. The other was a lame, down-and-out vagrant who had not had any job for over a year. Both pleaded not guilty, and each put the blame on the other. The facts were clear. The professional thief was given two years in prison; the other, one year.

A young woman was accused of slandering and assaulting another woman. She denied the charge, but the witnesses supported the plaintiff. She was adjudged guilty and required to pay damages to the complainant, at the rate of 15 per cent a month, to be deducted from her wages.

A young woman charged a man with desertion. They had lived together, without a formal marriage, and a child had been born. He denied the charge in toto, but several witnesses testified as to the intimate relations that had existed between the couple, and the court awarded the woman reasonable alimony.

A boy of about eighteen was charged with hooliganism and vagrancy. The evidence was conclusive, but the attorney for the boy asserted that the case called not for punishment, but for guardianship and reclamation. There was something wrong with the boy's mind; he lacked self-control and a sense of moral responsibility. His mother had often spoken to neighbors of his strange and abnormal behavior. The court ordered a psychiatric examination of the boy, and meanwhile instructed his mother and his lawyer to watch him closely and prevent any anti-social acts on his part. Thus, he was paroled to his mother and counsel, and discharged from custody by the state.

In every case, the judges—two of them were women—manifested the desire to do the right thing for all concerned. They were patient, good-natured, gentle, and courteous. They did not even object to interruptions by the defendants, treating them as equals.

It was clear that the courts had two questions in mind, and two only, in dealing with cases. First, was the defendant guilty? Second, was he or she entitled to clemency by reason of mitigating circumstances? Evidence on these points was demanded firmly and vigorously, but the evidence might be given informally and in the witnesses' own way. The witnesses are not badgered or harshly treated. They are permitted to explain their testimony and add their own conclusions. A witness may virtually act as counsel for the party in whose behalf he appears. This may seem to us irregular and improper, but among Russians it does tend to establish the truth; and the truth usually dictates just and rational decisions.

Live Things in the Dead Sea of Statistics

JOHN MALICK

Everyone is impressed with the long columns of figures sent him, giving the count on almost every possible subject. A very considerable number of people now are engaged in counting people and things. If one should hang on the wall all the statistics that he is in, he could paper the house. One is pretty safe in pointing to these thousands of columns of figures and saying, "I count for one in them."

We get up in the morning after turning about in so many positions in the night. While no one counted us personally, some have allowed themselves to be studied and counted. No doubt, we all turn about the same number of times in the night. When we awaken, we have added one more night to the twenty-three years we spend in bed, if we live to seventy. Our breakfast is one of the brands of coffee, all duly announced, and all of the brands make the total of coffee consumed. To this we have added a little sugar which grand total goes to make us the largest sugar consuming country in the world. The counting fellows have these figures.

We go out on the porch to bring in the paper, one of the eight papers for every five families in the country, one of 400,000,000 daily subscribers. Then we go down town, and someone sits down to ask whether we ride ten blocks a day, or fifty, or we go down in the new car, one of the millions of that make, or in the old '29 model we have not turned in yet, all faithfully counted. Then we are in the baby column, boy or girl, five or eight pounds, one of the 20,000,000 in the seats at school, then one in high school and college figures, one who gets a job or not, marries so many years after graduating, has one or two children, rents or buys, has so much or nothing at the age of sixty-five, all of which the banks send you, and thus scare you with the prospect of being in the wrong column. Getting through, one does not escape being counted. He is reported at the "Mortician Convention" as one of the number, buried, cremated, had so much spent on his last remains. The counting is about over—has joined the countless dead.

Here is a new all-seeing eye of man that notes every stage and move from cradle to grave, getting one into the right column, taking the place of the all-seeing eye of God, the first great Statistician, represented as counting all the hairs of every head and the sparrows as they fall, with his angel bands of counters with their millions of entries, a book to a person. One need have no fear that he is being missed. Someone has an interest in about every move we make and every object we buy. Nothing is left unrecorded in the statistics now but one's most secret thoughts, and the new detectors are trying to count them.

All this means that we are getting along. There is not much doubt that our long-ago ancestors could not tell the difference between 100 and 101 sheep, had no way to count them. It was just a blur of sheep. Now we can count up to tremendous totals but we cannot take them in. We are not conscious of large figures, can take in 500 miles in a way, because we drive that in a day, but when we come to the figures on the distance to the stars, light years, the difference between one billion and two, we cannot get around it, just a blur, like the difference between 100 and 101 sheep to the first men here. We have to put it into some concrete form so that we can take it in, say that the large number is like so many laid end to end, reaching from New York to California, or so many marching by in so many hours, or a billion dollar appropriation is like $8 each for everyone in the country. A million men slain in war would literally burn out the eyes of the world that looked upon it and got the full effect, got consciousness around it once. If we were conscious of numbers as large as the administration figures are, we should put out a lot of things beside the administration.

These figures are all new and about real things. Those before us did a lot of estimating things they did not know anything about, as the number of angels that could stick to the point of a needle, which was a dignified enough subject for a college paper. They had figures on the strangest things such as the unicorn, phoenix, dragon, creatures with heads beneath their shoulders, none of which anyone has seen yet. Then they gave their totals on the number in each church and neighborhood who were going to heaven or to perdition. These old figures have about passed, we have not seen them for a long time.

Life with us is pretty much trying to get ourselves out of being listed in the large statistics and getting ourselves into the smaller statistics. With our lips we are always saying we ought to get into life as the millions have it, get counted in, having just what they have, eating, wearing, using, enjoying just what the great numbers have. We say this in our religion, our idealism, say we ought to make ourselves get counted in all the large numbers of human beings. But with these words on our lips, we are always trying to get into the small statistics as fast as we can. Almost everyone does. What we really want is to get out of the advertising appeal for the millions and into that for the thousands. In clothes, it is always toward the special color, weave, and cut. To get into a class in which we are the only one with that kind of hat or dress would be our idea of distinction, in a class of our own with only one in the class. With us it is always toward the merchandise with the fewest buyers; schools with the smallest number in them; toward streets with the smallest number in the block. We want to get out of the large number who do not pay income tax, into the smaller statistics of those who do, and, if we can, into the last hundred, the last ten, the last five of the highest brackets. Here are two ideas of living pulling us different ways, one saying we ought to want to be counted with the large numbers of people and really trying to get out of the big counts as fast as we can. Indeed, we do not think we are getting on at all, unless we are moving out of large groups into little ones. We want to be counted in the numbers that are small enough for us to be noticed, that give

honor and distinction. This is why there are such gaps between our yearning words and our clamorous desires. If most of our trouble comes from all the crowding and pushing, trying to get out of the big count, most of our good, too, comes from this same trait deep in the nature of us.

It is easy, looking at columns of figures about human beings, to forget that every one stands for a live, hurting thing that will bleed if you cut it, that catches its breath. In statistics, a human being is represented by the figure "1." All statistics are just a number of "1's" put together and added. A figure "1" is just a smudge of ink on a page. When you represent a life by a smudge of ink, obviously most of it, all of it, is left out. Here is a worried bit of life, just one human being to whom the world has gone grey or black, something wrong with the lungs, alternating hope and fear, up today, down tomorrow, symptoms better, symptoms worse. This evidently is one thing, and one of the worst things imaginable, and to be put down in a column as "1" to make up the health statistics is quite another thing. The figures are dead. You can look at a million of them about people with something wrong with their lungs and not be moved in the least.

Take all the marriage, birth of children, and divorce statistics, certainly exciting and very personal things that make life bright or black. To go through what you go through to be in the figures, "married," "divorced," "childless," "infant death rate," "contagious diseases," that evidently is one thing, and to be represented in the figures to get the population trend, health condition, insurance rate, that is another thing. One is a Dead Sea and the others are very live hurting things.

Suppose every "1" in a column of figures should step out of the column and begin to groan, if they are figures on any sort of misfortune, and tell how it came to get into that column. That would liven up statistics. The quiet room of the statistician would become a chamber of horrors. One real case, come to life before him, would unnerve him, all of them at once would just drive him mad with the total effect. Or, if they are statistics of happy events and each figure "1" in the column should suddenly come to life, the column of figures would be just a blinding streak of light. No statistician could stand the sight of such a total of happiness if he could really feel the total of his figures of good fortune. One real case of unemployment, if felt, as the one in that condition feels it, would be a moving thing. It would touch the most callous. It would excite, like a house afire, the quiet department of records on unemployed at Washington and Geneva and wherever such figures are compiled.

We are bound to live now in these large figures and understand them. We have to learn to read the figures and know what the charts mean. We cannot see the condition of things, nor the trend, until we get the count. There is such confusing multiplicity now that we cannot take in our world unless we learn to read the lines on the charts, which represent the millions, put in a form for us to grasp. Not to know how to read statistics now, in all their forms of presentations, is to have our world closed to us, as it would be if we could not read the letters and the notes. But we have to keep in mind that there are live things in the "Dead Sea of Statistics," every "1" in the whole total an individual "1" that hurts, and no less because with so many others. Figures are just the symbols, a smudge of ink on a page, of the heartbreaks, comforts, different sorts of gladness, depending upon what the statistics are about.

To change the figure of speech, we have to see the pictures on the margins. Statistics ought always carry a picture at the head of the column of a typical case, what has to happen to you, what you have to go through, how you have to feel, before you get into such a column of figures as that. The adjective that proverbially goes with statistics is, "dry," "dry as statistics." We skip over them in the book and prepare to doze off when the speaker begins on them. This comes from not taking in the figures, no imagination, not seeing the pictures on the margins,

> How poor women fade away,
> Page after page the margins say,

if the figures happen to be about women, and many of them are. Not seeing that,

> Between long rows of figures lurk
> Pictures of little boys at work,

if the statistics happen to be about little boys. Some of them are. Or,

> In a note once in a while,
> See death freeze a baby's smile,

if about babies, and a lot of the figures are about them now.

These are not pleasant pictures but they ought to be seen, it keeps our work real and human. All the figures are not of this sorry sort. We have seen speculative ventures on the number of happy people in the world but with no supporting figures. We always have wanted to know this more than anything else. We are a little short on the brighter statistics. They ought to be kept up to date, too, put alongside the misery figures, lest we get to thinking that things are worse than they are.

Fame

This life cannot be paraphrased or sung;
There is no fame, except in lifting Grace,
(Love's one commodity) to its essential place
In daily conduct keeping kindness young.
The only honored tree from which we've sprung
Is that on which the Master dying hung,
Our only nobleness in ways we trace
The Path of Peace . . . the only "face to face"
We find in lofty souls that now we walk among.

At times it seems that men are incarnations
Of traits, of tests, the prophet, saint, and seer
And even some in devilish ways appear . . .
But each can rise to finer Realizations
And share with Him the fame of His Creations
By serving humble love, right now and here.

EVELYN M. WATSON.

The Ten Greatest American Books

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

American literature is a lively topic. Ludwig Lewisohn, V. F. Calverton, and Granville Hicks have made it so. Their brilliant commentaries have shown what this country has done, also failed to do, in the field of letters. They have challenged comparison with other literatures, and comparisons within our own. What American authors are immortal? What American books will endure? Can we match the famous lists of the world's "one hundred best books" with a list of America's "one hundred best books"? Why not a choice list of ten books which Lewisohn, Calverton, Hicks, and other critics would gladly accept as this country's supreme contribution to literature? Books which have the touch of genius and thus bear the stamp of authenticity?

Well, the stimulus of recent discussion has set me going. I have made my list not of one hundred American books, but of ten—and not precisely ten, but *thirteen!* With the best will in the world, I could not make that smallest measure contain every title that had to be included. So, like the solitaire player who cheats himself, I blithely extended my total to twelve. Then, by the same process,—*facilis descensus Averno!*—I made the twelve a "baker's dozen." So my Ten Greatest American Books now number thirteen, which at least has the advantage of challenging every reader to do what I could not do—namely, throw out three titles, to restore the magic ten!

In making my selection, I laid upon myself four restrictions: First, I will choose the writings of no living author. I have not the requisite arrogance to set myself up as a judge of my contemporaries, and thus anticipate the verdict of posterity. When I read the pontifical words of critics who contemptuously reject Irving, Longfellow, and Lowell, and laudatiously accept Cabell, Jeffers, and Sherwood Anderson, I smile at the rather obvious thought that the former, whatever their demerits, have at least stood the test of survival, while the latter . . .? Well, let fifty years tell their tale! Who am I to dictate to history what it shall do with these pampered favorites of this flitting hour? I will keep silent before the years! My selections shall be taken from the past, and be gladly offered to such revision as time, not I, may decree.

Secondly, I will choose only a single title from a single author. Has one author written two, perhaps three, of the greatest works of American literature? Nathaniel Hawthorne, or Ralph Waldo Emerson, for example? Very good! But why not give somebody else a chance? Is it not enough, in so contracted a list, to name one book per author, and let this stand not only for itself, but also as a representative, so to speak, of its born companions? Supplement the single titles with as many other titles from the collected works of the same author as may be desired. I shall not object. But I insist that one mention in this brief catalogue is enough for any man, however great. If I were naming one hundred best books, I might select from certain authors a richer store. But I am naming only ten—or, rather, thirteen—and so set narrow bounds.

Thirdly, I will choose only such works as have genuine claim to literary values. These works may be novels, or poems, or biographies, or plays, or orations—but also, in every case, they must be literature. This criterion excludes instantly certain books of great importance—one book, at least of supreme importance. Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin!* This story has probably been more widely read than any other work in the English language, with the sole exceptions of the King James Bible and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress.* Not Shakespeare, nor Dickens, nor *Robinson Crusoe* can rival it. In addition, it played a part in our American history which was of such momentous consequence that no record of this history can be regarded as complete without it. But, Mrs. Stowe's masterpiece is not literature. So out it goes!

Lastly, I will choose no work that does not spring from the distinctively native tradition of this land. Every book on my list, in other words, must be an American book in the sense that it could have been written in no other place, and under the influence of no other culture, than that of America in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. This condition, which is purely arbitrary, at once rules out some immortal writings. The poems of Edgar Allan Poe, for example! I am always conscious of a kind of tired feeling when I hear the typical modernistic critic of our day lauding Poe to the skies as our greatest American poet, and then in the same breath, or in one just after, sneering at Bryant and Longellow, and Holmes as inferior fellows for the reason, among others, that their works were "derivatives," an imitative product of European culture, and therefore of no distinctively American interest. Of course, Poe was careless in his ways of life, and that helps him enormously with our contemporary sophisticates, for to be scrupulously respectable is of course to be second-rate. There can be no question that Poe was a real genius, incomparably the most brilliant poet our country has ever produced. But his poems have not a suggestion of native tang. They contain nothing of the home interest of Bryant's nature poems, Longfellow's ballads, and Holmes' occasional pieces. They are utterly alien even to the best of the English tradition. Poe was an immortal writer, but he has no essential place in American literature as such. Therefore, unlike Ko-ko, I have not "got him on my list."

With these restrictions upon me, I went to work, and now at last have made my selections:

(1) Benjamin Franklin's *Autobiography.*

This book would be of permanent interest and value if only because of its revelation of an American of whom his biographer, John T. Morse, Jr., declares that "history holds few who can be his rivals." Franklin's Americanism was unique. Jefferson in comparison was a product of English rationalism and French enlightenment, whereas Franklin was native only to the soil from which he sprang. But it is as a work of literature that the *Autobiography* interests us at this moment. Here is a book which is almost perfect of its kind. Its simplicity matches its clarity, and its clarity its essential integrity. Though Franklin had done none other of the almost innumerable things which establish his "claim," says Mr. Morse, "upon the gratitude of mankind," this narrative of his early life would alone win him immortality.

(2) James Fenimore Cooper's *The Last of the Mohicans.*

This novel is romance in the grand style. It has all the faults of romance, which may be summed up in

the judgment of sophisticated critics that romance is not realism. Why romance should be condemned or sniffed at because it is not realism is as mysterious to me as that women should be put down because they are not men—an amiable practice faithfully followed by the human race for centuries, and now belatedly revived in Nazi Germany! I should think romance might be accepted for what it is, as the great mass of readers have insisted upon doing from the days of Scott and *Ivanhoe,* to the present days of Hervey Allen and *Anthony Adverse.* If so, Cooper's historical novel becomes at once a masterpiece. Derivative, perhaps in form! Would Cooper have written it had he never read Scott? But in its essential substance a book as truly American in its character and consequence as the scene it depicts and the battle it celebrates! *The Last of the Mohicans* is the greatest work of its kind in our American literature, and therefore must have its place upon our list.

(3) Washington Irving's *Rip Van Winkle.*

A true bit of native folklore, told with perfect art! When we recover from our contemporary worship of the awkward, the ugly, the grotesque—when we rediscover the ancient truth that there really is some relation between art and beauty—we shall rediscover and thus recover Irving. So I name *Rip Van Winkle,* a flawless piece—and, if I dared to break my own rule, would add *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.*

(4) Nathaniel Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter.*

A romance, and something more than a romance! This is our greatest American novel—the masterwork of our one supreme master of prose style.

(5) Ralph Waldo Emerson's *Essays.*

These, in less than a hundred years, have taken rank with Plato's *Dialogues* as works of original and creative genius. Josiah Royce named the Concord sage as one of three first-class minds produced by the American people. The *Essays,* Emerson's most characteristic work, represent America's surest claim to a place in the world's best literature. All the rest of the books on this list may be challenged by someone for some reason, but not this.

(6) Henry David Thoreau's *Walden.*

Thoreau was Emerson's spiritual brother, yet as distinct from him as Socrates was distinct from Plato. Thoreau was himself, and *Walden* was his unique handiwork. Emerson could no more have written it, for all his kinship of spirit with his writings, than he could himself have lived in the hut by Walden Pond. *Walden* has beauty which matches it with the masterpieces of unconscious art, and insight which ranks it among the wisdom books of all time. The combination is strange and wonderful.

(7) James Russell Lowell's *Biglow Papers.*

Lowell, of course, was not American, according to our best literary reviewers, who are many of them about as important as our so-called best people. I never hear this highbrow judgment but I wonder who wrote "A Fable for Critics," "The Present Crisis," "The Commemoration Ode,"—and these *Biglow Papers.* Throw aside, if you will, all else in Lowell's collected poems—even the best of the sonnets, and "The Cathedral," which has never been estimated, I believe, at its true worth—and these four works, certainly the least studied and labored of all he did, remain to stamp this man with the seal of native genius. Here is the true Lowell, and the great Lowell—the poet who forgot the world and its empty reputation, and wrote from his own instinctive spirit.

(8) John Greenleaf Whittier's "Snowbound."

Albert Mordell, Whittier's latest and best biographer, ranks the Quaker poet with Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau as "one of the great New England literary quartet." No work better proves his right to this position than "Snowbound," a poem so genuine as to have become a part of the traditions of the New England landscape and character. Few works in our American literature can so perfectly be matched with certain classics of old England. Name Thomson's "Winter," Goldsmith's "The Deserted Village," Gray's "Elegy," Burns' "The Cotter's Saturday Night," Crabbe's "The Village," some of Cowper and much of Wordsworth, and Whittier's "Snowbound" must be added to complete the list. Just as a nature piece, it has no rival save Emerson's brief but inspired "Snow Storm." But in its study of personalities, and in its intimate picture of the family life of the author's own time and place, it stands alone.

(9) Louisa May Alcott's *Little Women.*

As Emerson's *Essays* is the one title which will not be disputed, this is the one title, I venture to say, which is certain to be disputed. *Little Women?* This old-fashioned, sentimental story for little girls, and girls of a generation dead and gone forever, this book one of the ten, or thirteen, greatest American books? Yes, I reply, *Little Women,* this story written for a generation gone, and read by the daughters of this generation, and now reread by the granddaughters! There is no liver book in all our American literature than this. Look at the recent "movie," distinctive in nothing so much as its fidelity to the spirit of Miss Alcott's tale, and now recapturing the imagination and devotion of a nation sick of its disillusionments and hungry for some reality of beauty and idealism! *Little Women* is simple, unspoiled, sentimental, if you will. But it has abiding elements of life, and was written by one who, using elementary materials, and guided by the sure instincts of the heart, proved herself to be an artist to the fingertips.

(10) Abraham Lincoln's "Second Inaugural Address."

To this, perhaps, must be added, rule or no rule!—the "Gettysburg Address." Both stand inscribed in golden letters upon the walls of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, like words of Holy Writ. And who shall say that they are not as truly Holy Writ as any of the passages of Hebrew or Christian Scripture? "Slowly the Bible of the race is writ," says Lowell—and these are two of the latest and noblest chapters. Inspired utterances of an inspired soul! No man since Jesus has spoken as this man spoke on these two unforgettable occasions.

(11) Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass.*

Which poem shall we choose? "Song of Myself," perhaps, if we are to be most faithful to the man! "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed," if we are to register his loftiest and serenest achievement! In nothing was Whitman greater, or more truly an American, than in his immediate recognition of Lincoln. And it was the spirit of the "Martyr Chief" which dictated this immortal threnody of the lilacs.

(12) Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn.*

Twain has two claims to literary fame. First, his record of America—that incomparably vivid, picturesque, and always accurate portrayal of the Middle West and its inhabitants which he knew so well! Secondly, his critique of America—his amused, half-cynical, and always tragic interpretation of life in its pro-

vincial, and at last also in its universal, character. Both aspects are in *Huckleberry Finn.* This book is primarily a narrative of adventure which brings equal delight to schoolboy and to scholar. Then it becomes a page out of the history of the mightiest of all pioneer peoples. Deeper still there appears the spirit of prophecy, which in the end led Mark to that profound appreciation of man's ironic destiny which made him, like an earlier philosopher, to laugh only that he might not weep. Just as a document of *Americana, Huckleberry Finn* is incomparable. But in its overtones, rather than in its content, it is literature.

(13) William Dean Howells' *The Rise of Silas Lapham.*

Is it the man here, or the book, that I am choosing? Perhaps, primarily, the man, for I would restore Howells to that rank of greatness in which I think he properly belongs. How curious that Howells should be underrated, almost forgotten, by this period of disillusioned realism which he did more than any other writer of his time to forecast and prepare! Perhaps it is because this novelist and poet had good taste and culture, and was a gentleman, that he has fallen into neglect. But even such faults might well be forgiven in the light of his rigorous concern with a world which he insisted upon seeing not in the light of romance but in its own grim shadows of reality. Of course, Howells was himself bourgeois, and thus wrote of the genteel society of his time. But no writer discerned more clearly the seeds of the dissolution of this society, nor hailed more gladly the advent of the new commonwealth. The disciple of Tolstoi and the author of the *Altrurians* was a gentle revolutionist, perhaps too polite and patient a one. But he saw the new day in the passing of the old, and was not afraid. *The Rise of Silas Lapham,* his *magnum opus,* was a milestone on the road which marks the passing of our literature from the nineteenth to the twentieth century.

Thirteen titles—and others still abound! I think of disputants for more than half the titles I have named. There is Melville's *Moby Dick* which I would have included on my list, perhaps, if Melville had had the genius to mould the vast unwieldy mass of inchoate material into something like a true work of literary art. Just for its richness and epic power would I give this book place, if any other had to give way. Following it, I would jot down, in some kind of order, and for reasons more or less obvious, Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast,* Edward Everett Hale's *The Man Without a Country,* Longfellow's *"Hiawatha,"* Daniel Webster's Oration in reply to Hayne, the histories of Prescott and Parkman, the stories of Mary E. Wilkins and Sarah Orne Jewett, the poems of Emily Dickinson, Helen Hunt Jackson's *Ramona,* Joel Chandler Harris' *Uncle Remus,* Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage,* Henry George's *Progress* and *Poverty,* Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward,* William James' *The Will To Believe,* and *The Education of Henry Adams.*

These titles make a "second team." As the second team sometimes beats the first in football, why not perhaps in literature?

Correspondence

What Kind of a Federal Union?

Editor of UNITY:

"Union Now—Of How Many?" by Henry W. Pinkham, was a very welcome article as a contribution to the most important question for discussion today—namely, how the world may best be organized politically.

This statement, though it may seem a dangerous superlative, is made advisedly. In spite of the European hostilities which are starting as this is written—in spite of all evidences of temporary social insanity—world government is coming. One look at the development of business, communication, and air transport in the international field should convince the serious observer that it is not so much a question of *whether* we want world government as it is *what kind* of world government we want.

International politics being what it is, the character of any new international organization is greatly changed as soon as the nations or groups initiating such organization determine to exclude any nation of the world from membership at the start. This is perhaps unfortunate. In other circumstances, a "controlled experiment" with a favored few might be the easiest way to begin. But as soon as we leave the firm ground of a universal invitation, we undertake the dangerous (for the future of world federation) business of deciding which nations' "national honor" we prefer to offend. For we can talk as long as we want to about the "immaturity" of certain nations; explain as gently as we can that they will be welcome when they grow up—but we never will avoid a hostile reaction as long as we select original members of the federal union *by name.* This may be regretted, but can it be denied by anyone willing to face realities?

Mr. Streit's dislike for the doctrine of "universality" is an understandable reaction against the policy which contributed so much to the downfall of the League as a political force: preferring to lose a principle rather than a member. For nine years Mr. Streit saw this doctrine used as a cloak for black reaction in the halls of Geneva. I am sure that neither Miss Mygatt, who recently wrote on the objectives of the Campaign for World Government in the pages of UNITY, nor the Campaign itself advocates such a rigid doctrine of universality.

Conceivably there will be many nations which will not come in immediately. But let the onus of non-membership be plainly on their own leaders' shoulders!

Try to imagine those who so lightly accept the idea of naming certain favored nations in advance, attempting to start a trade association, a national labor union, or a federation of Protestant churches, for example. First the leader of the movement writes a book, in which he shows why certain local organizations are worthy of membership and certain others are not. Without thinking to define conditions of membership, his followers blindly accept the principle of *naming* members. Would such a policy promote peace and unity in an industry, a labor field, or a group of churches? Obviously it would only intensify existing differences.

Leaders in hundreds of organizational fields discovered long ago that good will can be retained at the same time that membership is selected only by setting up conditions for admission, not by naming names. In the field of politics, what would the map of North America look like now if the founders of our own Federal Union had named the slave states as "immature" states only to be admitted after they overthrew the slave system? Why cannot we carry the same lesson over to the problem of international organization in a practical, realistic way?

According to one supporter of the "Inter-Democracy Federal Unionists" the only condition for membership, after the federal union was once started, would be willingness to join. Then why in the name of world peace not invite every nation from the start, after setting up a simple, specific and objective definition of membership requirements? The whole character of the organization will depend on this definition, and it hardly suffices to pass it off with a vague reference to our Bill of Rights.

How else than by setting up such a standard can we ever get away from the interminable wrangle over "have" and "have-not" nations, "aggressor" and "peaceful" nations, "satisfied" and "hungry" powers? Setting up such a framework requires rational thinking, not name-calling. Why not save our emotional force for the promotion of the larger ideal of world federal union?

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